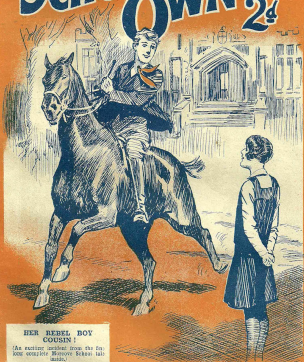


You're Sure To Enjoy Reading It If It's In—

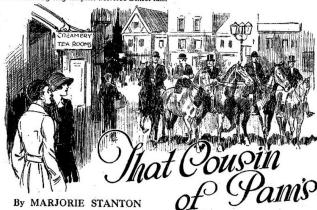
# The SCHOOLGIRLS' OWN 2¢



**HER REBEL BOY  
COUSIN !**

(An exciting incident from the life  
of our favorite heroine School  
ma'am.)

An enthralling long complete *Morocco School* tale.



By MARJORIE STANTON

# That Cousin of Pam's

*Just as Polly Linton is the madcap of the Study 12 coterie, and Paula Creel the elegant one, so Pam Willoughby is the calm and untroubled member of the little band of chums. But for once Pam is beginning to get really worried now, because of her boy cousin who has just come to England to school. Why? This exciting story will tell you!*

"Billy Balloo!"

**P**AM WILLOUGHBY awakes and turned over lazily.

She knew that her mother's maid had just been into the bed-room, for the curtains were drawn back admitting the wintry morning light, and an early cup of tea had been placed within easy reach.

Monday! And so Pam's week-end at home at Swanlake was over, and it was Morocco School again for her now.

"Yes, well!" she said to herself, as if the prospect were far from disagreeable; and sat up to sip the tea.

She could hear someone whistling about the grounds. That was Billy, of course—Billy Balloo, as she had dubbed him for the very vague reason that he had recently arrived from some British settlement in the Pacific rejoicing in the name of Wamballoo.

Her tea finished, Pam flung back the coverings, set feet to floor, and threw on a lovely dressing-gown. She went to the open window and whistled down.

Her Cousin Billy came to the call at the double, his bare head all tumbled from the morning breeze.

"Lazy!" he accused her, looking up from the

gravel tizzy feet below her window. "Don't you mean to go to school to-day?"

"I shall, if I feel like it," said Pam severely; and there was more than a little truth in the jest.

Unless Pam did feel like doing a thing, others were likely to have a hard job getting her to do it.

"You'll make me late at my school," he stated. "That's right; blame me because I'm a girl! Here's the morning, Billy!"

"Not so bad. I do think you might have been down ages ago, Pam. We could have had a last scot round before breakfast. Didn't you sleep?"

"No; I lay awake all night thinking if I couldn't snatch another day!"

"Honest!"

"Illot! I wouldn't miss going back to Morocco to-day for anything. Well, I'll be down presently."

And next minute, as a preliminary to her lightning toilette, she was getting her bath.

Meantime, Billy Charters took another sanctor round close to the great country house. A big, bluff fellow without an ounce of conscious sentiment, he yet found himself vaguely stirred by the loveliness of things here in the Old Country.

He still couldn't get over the marvellous greenness of the countryside. Now that Christmas was not far off, he knew just how furiously Wamballoo was being baked up to nothing. Most of Billy's Christmas dinners had been eaten in the open air, with the thermometer at a hundred in the shade. But this year—

He resumed his cheery whistling. To have been sent to England, to go to school at Grangermoor and spend the holidays at Swanlake was to have scored, and no mistake!

"Well, my lad!"

"'Morning, uncle!"

Mr. Willoughby had come upon the boy close

to that part of Swanlake which was best of all in Billy's eyes—the fine garages, the old coach-houses and stabling, the kennels and the spacious yards, all so spic-and-span.

"Packed, Billy!"

"Everything, uncle—quite ready."

"Good lad! Well, Billy," said Pam's father, looking every inch the British squire as he strolled along with his nephew, "a great day for you. One of the best schools in the land, Grangemoor. If you don't do well there, it'll be because there is something wrong with you, not the school. But you will do well, Billy!"

"Hope so, anyway, uncle."

Billy, as he said it, did not look as if he would let much daunt him. There was nothing subdued about Billy this morning on account of a "new boy" looking.

"The car will be ready directly after breakfast," Mr. Willoughby resumed, "to take the pair of you, dropping you first at Grangemoor, and then running Pam to Meeceve. Pam isn't down yet?"

"Isn't she?" Pam herself answered eagerly, at that instant emerging from a side doorway of the mansion. "Careful what you say about me, dad!"

Mr. Willoughby, accustomed though he was to seeing his only daughter look so adorably pretty, seemed to be specially pleased now. He returned her kiss with interest, and then eyed her steadily—without, however, causing Pam the least concern.

Pam never knew the extent to which her parents and her chums at school were captivated by her own slim, erect, high-stepping self. She was without a spark of vanity.

"I don't want to go," she announced.

"Well, don't, my dear."

"Oh, I think I will," was her immediate decision. "Then I can ask for a day off in about a fortnight, when mother is making the Christmas puddings. Nannie and the rest must come over to have a stir for Jack."

She rather belatedly took notice of Billy, finding his eyes upon her.

"Poor Billy Balloo!" she sympathized. "Got to go to school for the first time!"

"Tisn't!" he protested. "I had heaps of schooling on the island."

"Sorry!" she apologized. "But it wasn't Grangemoor School. Poor Billy Bookoo!"

Then he flushed, and Mr. Willoughby took hold of Pam, saying:

"Here, you come along before you get Billy on his hind legs again, Pam! We had enough of that all day yesterday. I never knew such a Sunday as you two made it!"

"It won't occur again," was Pam's regular assurance. "They'll soon tame Billy at Grangemoor!"

"Think so?" he grinned.

She slipped free from her father, now that they were back across the threshold, and fell into step with her cousin again.

"You mustn't let Grangemoor tame you, Billy; you must tame yourself." An impressive nod came with the words, as if to imply: "Think that over, Billy!"

"Oh," he shrugged, "time to bother about Grangemoor when I get there. So you are going to come over from your school some time to stir the Christmas pudding?"

"Ah," she smiled, "but you mustn't be around that day! There would be riots then. Polly Linton, Nannie—all of them. You wait till you

meet them, Billy! Then you'll know what it is to be really teased."

"Think I mind—girls!"

Pam became a half-inch taller, delicately reminding him that she was a girl, come to that. Billy, letting her go before him into the breakfast-room, grinned rather uncertainly, as though conscious that he had rather "put his feet in it." There was Mrs. Willoughby's vivacity to make him feel as jolly as ever again at the start of breakfast. But from time to time he showed a rather comic antipathy towards Pam.

His manner could not be called boorish. It was simply that Pam was just a bit too serious and dignified and altogether playful for Billy's peace of mind.

The meal over, she sped away to see about her few things for Meeceve, and now, quite unwittingly, her cousin from "the island" did a thing for which she admired him—he would never guess how much.

A saddled horse was standing near the porch in readiness for the squire. Billy, with only five minutes to go before he got into the car with Pam, was suddenly up in the saddle and off at a gallop.

Away he went in full career over the grass of the great park, to come racing back, riding the spirited mount just like a jockey.

He had not done it to show off; if he had, he would have hoped in vain for admiring comments from Pam. He had just felt like it at that moment, as she was well aware, and she noticed, as he dismounted, that if anything the jump had left him in rattle-some mood.

"Yes, well," she said, "I'm ready if you are, Billy."

He did not answer. He was taking care to leave the well-set-up horse free from all risk of a chill, and that again pleased Pam. Oh, but he wasn't so bad, this boy cousin of hers from the South Seas.

He was different from the run of fellows she had been accustomed to meet. At present he was just like a big-boned colt, not yet broken in, and somebody, most likely, would come in for a bit of trouble trying to gain the first mastery of him!

His luggage had gone on before him to Grangemoor, that school being such a short distance from Swanlake. So he and Pam, when they were off together in the car, were bothered with very little impediments.

Pam herself had only been home for the week-end for the purpose of meeting her cousin for the first time and helping him to feel at home. She had one bag, and that was placed beside the smart chauffeur, leaving the spacious interior for Pam and Billy to fill, which they very nearly did, for the boy was big for his age.

"I don't see Polly's brother, Jack Linton, and his chum Dave Lawder," she remarked, glancing at her watch half-way through the journey. "They'll have gone in to school by the time I drop you at the gates."

"We ought to have started later," Billy rather grumbled. "Get me to Grangemoor just in time for dinner. Then you'd have seen them and heaps of other fellows, I suppose you know half the school, Pam?"

"No, only a very few, in fact. Jack and Dave—of course, I've seen a lot of them at different times. But Lionel—he's not at Grangemoor."

"Lionel? Who's he?"

"Lionel Derwent—at Harborough. That's another school. He is a chum of ours—a boy we

all got to know last hob. Horsebourse is a fine school, Billy, but Grangemoor is the better by far, I can tell you that."

"And nearer than Horsebourse to Swanlake?" he asked hopefully.

"Oh, heave! Could anything be much nearer to Swanlake than Grangemoor," said Pam lightly, "when—look! Here is Grangemoor already!"

It was a slight exaggeration. Grangemoor School was only just in sight, a mile away, from the windows of the car. But what was a mere mile to the girl whose parents kept three cars and whose own home comprised an estate covering several square miles?

Billy asked a pause by exclaiming:

"Well, I must say—"

"What must you say, Billy?"

"Oh—nothing! Except that you do seem to have a nice time, Pam."

"I try to," she sighed, and leant back for a little while longer in luxurious enjoyment of the rich upholstery before sitting straight as the car neared the great gateway.

"Yes, well, Billy," she broke out then, "good-bye for the present, and I do hope you go on all right."

"Why shouldn't I?"

"Oh, jumping down my throat when I was only wanting to wish you luck," she laughed. "Of course you will go on all right, Billy—if you remember the advice I gave you this morning. But, look! Oh, splendid! Jack and Dave at the gates after all!"

Billy's face brightened. He had that in him which made him appreciate the pains Jack and Dave had been at to be down here at the gates when the car was due.

Billy had already been made known to Jack and Dave, but of course he was no more than a new acquaintance as yet. Pam, on the contrary, had been a chum of theirs for ever so long. Hence he was not surprised that these future school-mates of his, when the car came to a standstill, greeted Pam in familiar manner.

"How are you?" she smiled. "So nice of you to be here, when of course you would much rather have been in school—at work!"

"Yes, of course," said Jack: "You're going to get down, Pam?"

"Am I?" she pondered. "First of all, here's my cousin, if you would just sign for him, please."

"Right!" Jack cried heartily, and it was good to see his chummy handshake with Billy Charters, while Dave Lawler off-loaded the newcomer's one trifling bit of baggage.

"I reckon you're lucky, Charters," said Jack, "to be joining the school so late in the term. Give us time to settle in nicely by the Christmas

break-up. And so next term you'll feel quite an old hand."

"Beside which," Pam chimed in, "Billy will get to know all of you nicely by Christmas, which is most important. Well, I must get on to Morocco."

"No hurry for a moment," pleaded Jack, "is there, Dave? How's Polly, Pam?"

"Oh, Polly!" the Swanlake girl smiled musingly. "Working terribly hard, poor girl. She says she must, having a brother who is going to be such a burden in the years to come."

"It's funny," Jack said gravely, "I am fairly worn out trying to provide for a sister's future. She's such an awful shocker. Her name, too, is Polly!"

Pam laughed, at the same time paying regard to Billy out of the corners of her eyes. All the joking was really intended to give him time to feel at ease; but Pam had a feeling that Billy would far rather rely upon himself, so she decided to get away at once.

"Yes, well, good-bye, all."

"If you must go down, Pam—cheerio!" cried Jack. "And just take a message to Polly, will you? She owes me ten hobs from last term, with interest, I think it ought to be. Tell her, will you, that her brother is simply wheeled for pocket-money. She'll understand."

"She should!" said Pam, "Doing so like it herself often—as we all are."

"You're late!" Nazzer greeted Pam. "So take thirty million lines—and I will take your bag for you!" She pretended to stagger beneath its weight and the chums smiled in amusement.



Jack made a point of saying something that would draw Billy into the talk.

"Charters, you haven't seen Morocco yet?"

"No, not yet."

"It's not bad—"

"Not bad!" echoed Pam.

"As girls' schools go, Charters, excuse me," said Jack chemically, "but it won't do for you to wear your tie like that. You haven't done it quite right, for Grangemoor—"

"Oh, hang!" Billy muttered, pushing Jack's hands away as they started to undo the tie. "What does a blessed tie matter?"

"Billy, I think I'd let Jack show you," Pam advised gently. "It's the Grangemoor tie. He only wants to show you the Grangemoor way—"

"My way is good enough for me," Billy said defiantly.

"Anyhow, you can't go in with it like that," chuckled Jack. "Can he, Dave? It's neither his way nor the Grangemoor's. Charters, just a—"

"Hang you, let it alone!" fared out Billy, to Pam's regret and dismay. He was quite mistakenly thinking that Jack was out to make game of him.

"Billy," she said, "why not—"

"Because I don't choose! Good-bye, Pam!" he said, controlling himself, and at that she gave the signal to the chauffeur to drive on again.

"Farewell, fare—well!" sang Jack. "And we'll send you a daily report about Cousin Billy. No charge for telegrams!"

"You and your nonsense—you are worse than Polly!" Pam laughed. "Eye-bye!"

As the car moved off, she was aware of a cheer going up from a number of fellows who, had she delayed a moment longer, would have been upon the scene. It all amused her. What lads they were! If Billy were not happy at Grangemoor it would be his own fault, was her smiling thought.

But a few seconds later the smile was banished from her lips. She thought she would take a last look back through the oval window in rear of the car, and with a throb of alarm she saw her Cousin Billy suddenly "going" for one of the others!

It must have been a serious set-to, for she saw the pair as two combatants who could not be parted. She thought it was Jack Linton with whom Billy had started a "scrap." It looked like Jack. Yet what on earth could Jack have done to offend Billy? Was it something to do with her?

That latter question she instantly answered with a convinced "No." Now the car was rounding a bend and Grangemoor was passing from view. Should she stop the car and go back?

No. They were boys; they must settle it amongst themselves. Billy, it was certain, would give good account of himself. That, probably, was half the trouble—his touchiness, combined with a love of fighting.

She fell to musing, wearing a smiling frown.

It was rather odd for Billy to be in the wars at Grangemoor. From what she had seen of him over the week-end, she had been able to form a pretty good idea of his make-up. "As fiery as they make them!" That was why, liking him quite a lot, she had advised him to try to tame himself. Because, of course, if he left it to Grangemoor to tame him—well, the school would discharge that duty in unmistakable fashion.

"But there, he's a boy; he must look after

himself," she thought, with the very definite belief that he would.

A little laugh escaped her.

"A handful, Billy! Yes, well, he's none the worse for being that. So long as any fighting leads to better friendship afterwards."

As the car rumped Pam along to Morocco School—a run of many a mile—she was very hopefully planning for her boy cousin from the South Seas. He must do well at Grangemoor—that went without saying. But the great thing was for him to become the chum of Jack and Dave.

"It will be good for him," she told herself.

"And, besides, as they're all to spend Christmas together at Swanlake, it will be awfully awkward if they're not friends."

At this point Pam's own chums of Morocco began to come into her thoughts. For there was an understanding that they were to spend Christmas at Swanlake, and so any planning took in them also.

She visualized the very jolliest Christmas they had all ever spent—and they had spent some jolly ones, too! Pam was mentally planning with Dame Nature to provide a specially snowy Christmas for Swanlake, when she realized that she was half-way to Morocco, and the time only ten o'clock.

"I shall be in by break—just nice."

And so she was.

#### Morocco Over More.

**A** TREMING games field burst into view as the car turned in at the handsome gateway.

Some girls were at hockey practice, others on the hard courts, Net-ball and lacrosse had their own enthusiasts.

But whatever games Betty & Co. were at when the Swanlake car was seen to be purring up the drive, they forsook them instantly. Pam was no sooner out of the car than she was mobbed.

"Late!" cried Polly.

"No, early," was Pam's blurted opinion.

"Anyhow, have you had a nice time, Pam?"

"Not so bad!"

"Not so bad?" echoed madcap Polly. "When you know very well—"

"Yes, what so dingsy!" dinned Naomer indignantly. "Bekas we know Swanlake; late dinner every evening—parjus! And get up in the morning when you like. I shall not accuse you this time, Pam," was the dusky one's imitation of Miss Masingham, the Form-mistress.

"So take hefty million kisses—and I will take your bag for you!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

For Naomer had shouldered the week-end bag and was pretending to have to stagger under the weight of it as she portered it into the school-house.

"It hasn't been the same without you, Pam," said Madge Minden. "Saturday tea-time was very quiet, somehow."

"Saturday tea-time—what was I doing! Oh, I know!" Pam murmured, completely disregardful of her chums' adoring looks. "Some people come in and stayed on, and we had quite a jolly evening."

"What we—?" growled Polly. "And that cousin of yours from the South Seas—I suppose he proved awfully nice! It's not fair," she joked. "I don't have cousins!"

Pam answered roundly, as she hurried away to report back:

"You have a brother, Polly?"

The reminder did not appear to console Study if a madcap. She echoed "Brother!" with such a grimace that the rest gave a peal of laughter. The joke being, of course, that Polly really thought all the world of her brother Jack.

A bell was ringing all the Form back to work by the time Pam had "reported" and got out of her outdoor things. So for the present her chimes lost her again. They had to go into class, whilst she very solemnly decided to make for her study. Perhaps she should have gone in with the Form; but she was not so fond of the class-room as all that.

As a result, at the midday dinner, she had Naomer bursting in upon her, more judiciously than ever, well in advance of the others.

"What so diggings!" Naomer positively shrieked, wailing into Pam's very bosom-like study. "Are you never going to do any more work, Pam? Helen, if not, won't she so diggings have you come back for?"

"Just to be sociable, dear!"

"Sociable! If you really wanted to be sociable, you would have come back through Bore-combe, to call at the Creamery for some dings. I haven't tasted a cream-bun," complained Naomer, "since before brekker this mornink!"

Then Polly came in, full of nonsense, as usual. "Shicker! But now, Pam dear, do say! I think I've a right to know," the madcap added, with mock primness. "This cousin of yours—after all, he is going to my brother's school! Why wasn't I consulted?"

"There really wasn't time!" jested Pam. "But I think you would approve of Billy Charters as a companion for Jack?"

"And Dave," added Doty, who had come in with others in time to catch those last remarks. "Mustn't forget Dave."

"Weather not, but Jove!"

"No, helms," cried Naomer, "if we forget Dave, who is there to remember him? He never remembers himself!"

"We are talking of Billy, Pam's cousin," insisted Polly. "You like him, Pam?"

"Billy! For some things, yes, very much."

"Do describe him?" was the chorus. "Who is he like, Pam? Jack—Dave—Lancel?"

Pam shook her head.

"Not like any of them—except that he is a thorough sport. He has a quick temper—doesn't like to be teased!"

"He had better not come here, then!" Polly chuckled.



Polly and Pam stood still in surprise as the school door opened and two boys came out. They were Jack Linton and Pam's cousin, and Billy was leaning on Jack and limping. What did it mean?

"I think he had," despatched Pam blithely. "Then you will see what he is like."

"Oho, yes, helms that will be an excuse for a good spread," commented Naomer. "We will order some special dings!"

"It would be rather nice if he could come over with Jack and Dave," Polly murmured. "Cousins are allowed, I suppose?"

"Any close relations," Paula quoted from the school's established rule. "Cousins, I presume, come within that category!"

"My cousin comes from some inland of place in the Pacific," Pam reminded them all. "So, naturally, he wants to see this country—the best that it can show him."

"Oh, then," said Helen, "he must come to Morocco, of course!"

"The home of the Brighter Britains movement," added Polly. "We can always hide Paula, the day Billy Charters comes—"

"Er—" demurred Paula.

"Not wanting him to think he has come to the Home for the Feeble Minded, by mistake," explained Polly sweetly.

A general laugh was starting, when Madge, nearest the doorway, gasped warningly.

"Sh! Mrs. Birmingham!"

It was a moment for that worthy lady to show

what a joy-killer she was. If ever, in the words of the poet, "silence like a position" fell upon a group of joyous spirits, it did so now. Yet Miss Masingham chose to speak as if great hilarity was still going on.

"Girls, what is all this chatter, chatter? I will not have you—"

"Fam's just back," explained Betty.

"I can't help that! Whose story is this—Pam's?"

"And Helen's," added Pam seriously.

"Then the others—all go away," was the peremptory command.

Miss Masingham, standing by whilst Betty and the rest obeyed the order to quit, seemed to disapprove of Pam. She always seemed to disapprove of Pam! That, however, did not trouble the girl in question. On the contrary, she lost no time about making a request.

"My cousin from the Pacific, Miss Masingham; I suppose I may be allowed to show him our school, some time or other?"

"Another favour, Pam?"

"Yes, well—"

"It was only this last week-end that you went home to meet your cousin! You girls—"

"I know. But—"

"I must think about it, Pamela!"

"Thank you so much, Miss Masingham," Pam said, just as if the favour had been readily granted. "It won't be until one day next week. Unless it happens that Grangemore School is doing nothing particular this Saturday. In that case—"

"Pamela"—and Miss Masingham pointed to the schoolbooks—"so were about boy cousins at present! You want to go home with a good report at Christmas, I presume?"

"Oh, yes?"

"Well, then?"

And Miss Masingham stalked away.

If it had been Nicker instead of Pam, a face would have been made behind the Form-mistress' back. But Pam was not like that. She remained her serene self, and, thinking that she would like to telephone to Billy, she decided to do so.

Thus, half-way downstairs, Miss Masingham found herself overtaken by the girl from Swanlake.

"Miss Masingham, I suppose I may have the use of the phone for a minute?"

"Oh, Pamela! When will you learn—"

"It's awfully good of you!" Pamela took consent for granted. "This is just the right time!"

The phone at Morocco was in such constant use, that the main instrument at the back of the hall had been enclosed in a kind of sound-proof call-box. Pam, as she latched the door shut after entering, heard all the hum of school life no more. She asked for the number with that irresistible sweetness which carried her serenely through life, and was soon put through.

Grangemore School—yes, she was answered. Could she speak to a scholar, the one who had joined the school to-day, please? Quite; but she thought that they might make allowance for once. It was rather important. Would they tell him Miss Willoughby was ringing?

She called whilst waiting for him to be fetched. "Miss Willoughby" was good! They must think she was an aunt of Billy's, or something like that.

At last:

"Hallo!" growled a bear-like voice.

"That you, Billy? Pam speaking—"

"Well, what?"

Very tactfully Pam had decided how to save Billy from thinking that she had rung him up, in anxiety as to how he was going on. He would be wild, naturally, if she led him to think that she feared for him, standing alone at his new school. Interference—and from a girl, too!

"Billy, if you take a run out to Swanlake to-day or to-morrow, ask mother to post on my List album!"

"Your what?"

"Music—List! She'll know. On the top of the piano; or, if it isn't there, it's fallen down behind!"

"Right he?"

"Thanks!" And then, carelessly: "How are you going on?"

"Why?" he asked.

That rather took her aback. Evidently he resented her inquiry, as avouching of anxiety. Good job she had not begun with that question!

"You like the school, Billy?"

"Can't stick the fellows!"

"What?" She laughed into the receiver; but she was going a little stiff with alarm. "Why not, Billy?"

"Not my sort! I haven't been used to—"

"No, of course; but you'll get used to their ways in time, Billy. Well." She let that sound like an offer to ring off, but she still kept hold of the receiver.

"Billy, what was the trouble about when I was going off in the car?"

"Nothing, Pam. I only went for that chap Linton. He was making game of me."

She hesitated before asking:

"Are you sure, Billy? I can't imagine any of those fellows really meaning to—"

"Well, it seemed so to me. Perhaps I was mistaken. Anyhow—"

"You're good friends now?"

"No, we're not! I can't see myself ever being friendly with those chaps. They're not my sort. This Public School stunt is a lot of rot!"

"Still, Billy, I think you'll find that—"

A sudden tapping at the glazed door of the school's call-box disturbed Pam. She turned round, still holding the receiver, and saw Miss Masingham making "Come out of that!" signs.

Pam nodded that she would, when she had finished.

"Billy—you there? I want you to come over soon and see my school! We'll arrange it, shall we? That's it. And if you think you were mistaken about that fellow, I think you should apologise. I expect you were. Good-bye! Best of luck!"

Emerging from the sound-proof box after ringing off, Pamela stood confronted with her Form-mistress.

"I think you were telephoning to that cousin of yours, Pamela! You didn't tell me that it was to him you were going to phone!"

"I didn't think it necessary," was Pam's answer—all sufficient to herself, however vinegary it may have left the Form-mistress looking.

That afternoon Pam found it easy to do the work in class and yet have an undevout of thought about Cousin Billy.

She could not stoke off the misgiving that he was not going to adapt himself. But she determined not to worry. He was able to look after himself. Only, the sooner she had another talk with him, the better.

Meantime, there was the crowded life of Morocco School to engross her attention. Classes, games, prep, the music-room, the gym, to say

nothing of loss in study! Pam carried on with all the zest of a girl who is always fit, always full of spirits.

For Wednesday afternoon's "away" match—against Barncombe House—she figured in the team-list. Other girls got a bit excited, as usual, when the start-off took place; Pam was her usual serene self. She was mixing when the team mustered at the cycle-stands, but Betty had no need to dash off in search of her. Pam would turn up! And so she did, prompt to the second after all.

"I was just writing to my cousin at Grango-moor," she remarked, and displayed a letter that she intended to post in Barncombe.

But she might have spared herself the trouble of that letter-writing. The note never went into the post. It was just as she had stopped at a pillar-box in Barncombe High Street, leaving the others to ride ahead, that she came face to face with—Cousin Billy!

#### Just Like Billy!

PAM, as Billy came up, had to admit to herself that Grango-moor had not yet made the least impression upon Cousin Billy.

He looked just the same, with the old air of being at war with anyone who would have him be different.

She said, "Fancy!" as he came up, doffing his cap to reveal a shock head. Grango-moor, she knew, decreed combed hair, these days, for its scholars, never mind how thick and unruly the hair might be. Surely he had been spoken to about his hair?

"You, in Barncombe!" she laughed. "Well, Billy, I can spare"—she glanced at her platinum wrist-watch—"five minutes, I'm down to play in a hockey match at Barncombe House. What are you doing, Billy?"

"Nothing much, Pam. I came out for the afternoon, to have a look round."

"Bike?"

He nodded.

"Left it at the Creamery. Let me wheel yours along for you, Pam!"

"Thanks! Here, and this letter—for you," she said. "I was going to post it. You needn't read it now. I wonder you weren't down for footer, Billy!"

"I've not much use for footer," was his answer; "not unless it's a proper match. Some captain sort of chap told me to go and get practice all the afternoon, so I told him to go hang. It seems, if I stay till next winter, I may perhaps be given a place in the team. It's all fun. I don't understand. At my other school we were not like that. Besides—footer!"

He said it in a "What is it, after all!" tone, and Pam felt disappointed. Then she remembered his horse-riding; guessed what really constituted his ideas of sport, and she made allowances.

"You can give me a coffee, Billy," she suggested affably. "There's just time. A minute sooner, and I would have introduced you to all my best chums."

They were at the Creamery's inviting doorway. She went before him with her graceful, dignified walk, and dropped down into a familiar corner seat at the back of the shop, amongst the tea-tables.

Billy, giving the trifling order on his way, came to her in loose-limbed fashion, crouching down into a cane chair so that it looked like breaking under him.

He was not moody—only out of place. So Pam decided, taking him in with her brightly glancing eyes. Better, perhaps, if he had never come to the Old Country, she was thinking. But he had come, and so—

"What have you done to your hand, Billy?" she asked, observing damaged knuckles.

"Oh, that?" He laughed, dropping the hand out of sight. "A fellow's teeth did that when I caught him one."

"Fighting again?"

"He asked for it—a chap called Bobby Cherton."

"You're a terror!" she declared. "Fighting's all right, of course. It can't be a real boys' school without one now and then. But you're not going to be always fighting?"

"That depends," said Billy.

The waitress brought the two coffees.

"They expect you," Billy said scornfully, "to be all alike and do alike. I call it rot! Why must it be only certain games on certain days? Supposing I wanted to go for a ride on horseback, instead of gym, before broken, or a bit of rabbit shooting? They'd have a fit!"

Pam crashed down her cup, laughing.

"So I should think, Billy! Oh, you are a funny fellow!"

"And now you don't understand—"

"Yes, I do, Billy! You've been used to such freedom—that's it. Your spare time has been spent in what we would call field sports. But over here, whilst fellows and girls are at school, games are the thing. The other comes later. You try to adapt—"

"I don't see why I should," he was saying bluffly, when a startling interruption occurred.

Into the tea-rooms penetrated the sound of many horse hoofs on the main street of the quiet old town. Billy, as he heard the clattering of the cantering mounts, looked at Pam excitedly.

"The Hunt!" she said. "Come on!"

And in a trice they were out of the shop, keeping to the doorway whilst the troop of riders went by, with the bounds in advance. Pam herself was full of delight.

"How I'd love," she exclaimed, all of a quiver, "to be going with them!"

Billy turned to her eagerly.

"Well then—why not?"

She laughed her silvery laugh, and then, observing Lady Evelyn, from the Castle, riding astride with other young ladies, responded to the gay greeting that was voiced.

"Who's that?" panted Billy. "Some friend of yours?"

"Lady Lundy's daughter, Billy."

"And I—I forgot to raise my hat!"

"Terrible! Well, Billy, that is more in your line, isn't it? I must get dad to arrange for the Hunt to meet at Swanlake, at Christmas. Then you—"

"But I'm going now; going to follow—"

"Billy, they'll run you miles, once they are out of the town! You'll never get back to school—"

"Can't help that! I say, good-bye, Pam, once again," and he moved off. Then he came back.

"Pam, I suppose I can pick up a horse in the town? Which way?"

"Oh, but I am not going to tell you! It's helping you to—"

"All right—don't!"

He laughed the words, looking altogether fired with the excitement of the pending chase. Away he ran, and a few seconds later she saw him questioning a policeman and receiving a directing



reply. Then she saw him no more, for the High Street had become congested as at once.

"Yes, well, I like him rather better to-day," she merrily commented to herself, "even though he has gone off without paying for those coffees!"

#### Disturbing News!

It was dark night when the Fourth Form hockeyists came riding back to Marceve, cycle-lamps making a cheery display upon the lonely road.

The juniors were not overcast. Their numbers made the after-dark return perfectly safe, and it had been quite in order for them to accept the Barncombe House invitation to tea, and then stay on just a little while afterwards.

Marceve had won! So the cycle-bells were chiming merrily as the girls turned in at their own school gateway. It had been such a game as Pam, for one, would not have missed on any account—even though she had yearned to go after the Hunt!

"I wonder if many of the girls saw much of the Hunt?" Pam remarked to those chums riding close to her up the school-drive. "It appears to have come this way."

"There are times," complained Polly, "when one ought to be able to cut oneself in half, so as to be able to do two things at once. It was a great game; but the Hunt is the Hunt—Hallo, though, who's indoors—leaving that motor-bike standing there?"

For, suddenly, all the girls were aware of a motor-cycle and sidecar, with the lights switched off, standing safely out of the way on the grass.

Nearly second, Polly braked up and dismounted. "Jack's outfit!" was her astounded cry. "Girls, my brother must be here, from Grangemoor!"

"What?"

"But Jove—"

"Ooo, quick!"

"Yes, come on!" Polly said, remounting briskly. "I wonder why on earth Jack is here! Not had news from—from home for me?"

"Oh, Polly, let's hope not!" came in a very anxious chorus.

Because of this sudden alarm, they rode up to the porch instead of to the cycle-sheds. Outside the school door, Polly again hopped down from her saddle. Asking one of the others to see after her machine—which request was eagerly complied with—she darted for the door.

At that very instant it opened, and out came two schoolboys, one half-supporting the other. So quickly did the able boy close the door behind them both that Polly guessed they had not been seen out by anybody belonging to Marceve.

"That you, Jack?" she panted, peering towards the pair.

"Hallo, Polly—yes, that's me!" was the rather subdued response from her usually boisterous brother. "Surprised to find me here, are you? But someone had to run over from Grangemoor to fetch—"

"Billy?" voiced Pam, suddenly close enough to the lad to recognize the one who was limping. "Oh, Billy—an accident?"

"Nothing," he cheerily answered her appalled cry. "I got thrown taking a hedge. There was wire in it. Shall be all right by the morning."

Jack very properly hastened to endorse this assurance.

"He really has come off very lightly, considering," said Jack. "But he was a bit dazed—weren't you, Billy?—for a time, and so they brought him to your school, that being the

nearest place. Miss Somerford 'phoned Grangemoor, and the Head said that I had better come over with the sidecar to get Billy home."

"Can I help?" asked Pam.

Whether extra aid was needed or not, she went to Billy's side, and moved in step with him and Jack as they shuffled towards the waiting "outfit."

"I am so sorry, Billy!"

"Oh, it's all right."

"Hold on to Pam, Billy, whilst I run and bring the sidecar to you; that's the idea," Jack suddenly suggested, and in a moment he was running down to the machine.

Polly sped after him, but only got to him when he was preparing to start-up the engine.

"Jack, ought he to have been out, following the hounds?"

"Course not! The chap is a— Don't think I am running him down, Polly, but he really is a pocket!"

"How do you mean—giving trouble?"

"Oh, I can't explain now."

"Will he get into a row, Jack?"

"Fat lot he'll care if he does!"

Then the engine roared to life, and Jack ran the whole combination to where his schoolmate was waiting with Pam and the other girls.

"Yes, well," Pam rather sighed, "I never thought that you would turn up at Marceve this way, Billy! I do hope you'll—"

"Oh, it's nothing, I tell you! But I'd like to punch the fat head of the man who strung barbed wire through that hedge!"

Pam had ridden to hounds often, and knew all about wire fences.

"Surely someone gave warning of who? Didn't you see the others going through a gateway, instead of taking any jump just there?"

"I did, yes; but I wasn't going through any blessed gateway!" Billy said scornfully, whilst he lumped himself in the sidecar. "Thanks, Jack Linton! Carry on!"

"What about the horse?" asked Pam.

"Oh, the horse!" Billy laughed. "He's all right. I'd like to ride him again—a real goer! Well, good-night, Pam, and sorry! Er—good-night!" he rather sheepishly addressed all the other girls.

Not having been formally introduced, they made a rather subdued response, hardly audible above the noise of Jack's engine. He let in the clutch, and away he went with his schoolmate.

Until the lights of the "outfit" had passed from sight, all the girls stood watching. Then Polly made the first comment of all.

"It was hard luck for your cousin, Pam. I think he must be a nice boy."

"Yes, well," was all Pam said. But she was pleased!

If only Billy's own world of Grangemoor would grow to like him in time—that was the important thing, Pam was saying to herself.

His school, however, would never do that so long as he refused to adapt himself. "Conform or be kicked" was, she knew, the inflexible code of every boys' Public School. Of course, he had been much more the manly fellow in riding hard to hounds than playing a practice game of football. But his House captain had decreed football, and football it should have been!

Later in the evening she burst out laughing to herself, thinking of the moon he was in. An abandoned bicycle at Barncombe, and a horse somewhere else to be accounted for, and his Head to interview, besides having to stand, very

heels, no end of chaff from the other fellows! And then, that House captain!

But her laughter was not heartless—far from it. In case of a certain admiration for Billy, whose chief failing, after all, was a premature manhood.

His bringing-up, out there in the Pacific, had made him so different from these other boys; he was used to being a law unto himself, self-reliant and free, and so it was hard for him to settle down to the restrictions of English school life.

Then, next day, Pam began to be troubled with really great disquietude on his account.

There had been time for her to reflect that he was the one who had got to conform. Grangemoor would never adopt itself to him—was it likely? Therefore, what sort of a record was he likely to win? How would he stand with his schoolmates by, say, the end of term?

And there was Christmas to think of; unless he "hit it off" with fellows like Jack Linton, Dave Lawder, and Michael Heriot, how could there fail to be a tension at Swinlake over Christmas? Jack, Dave, and Michael—they were already invited.

Now was this disquietude depelled by something that happened at Marcorve on Friday morning. Polly had a letter from her brother which brought her to Pam's study, after the midday dinner.

"Pam dear—"

"Well!"

"I didn't tell you first thing, but now I don't see any use in keeping it from you. Your boy cousin at Grangemoor—he—he is—rather going ill!"

"Nothing to his discredit, I'm sure!" Pam argued blandly.

"Oh, no! At least, in a way—no. There is no serious bother. Only—Here, you read for yourself, Pam!"

She did so, Jack, in the course of a chatty letter to his sister, had expressed uneasiness about Billy.

That had had got the wrong side of the Hood, his House-master, the House captain—everybody!

"Simply because he won't adapt himself, Polly. Well, as you know, he jolly well must. We all have to. I like the fellow, and I fancy he likes me; but when I try to give him a tip how to go on, he walks off."

Pam's usual composure did not appear to be shaken as she looked up from the letter.

"Yes, well, Polly," she said, "Billy is different. Coming from the South Seas—"

"They won't let him be different, Pam, at Grangemoor."

Pam did not respond. In the act of returning the letter, thinking that she had read all that concerned her, she had glimpsed this postscript:

"By the way, Polly! Have you all heard about Lionel Derwent, at Hurthours? They've

made him a prefect. Good old Lionel, he's the one!"

"Thanks!" Pam said, calm as ever outwardly, as she at last returned the letter. "What I must do, Polly, is to get hold of Billy for a talk. I haven't had a proper chance yet."

"You should," agreed Polly. "Look here, get them all over to-morrow, Saturday! We have only an Inter-Form match for the afternoon. By half-past three we shall be free."

Pam nodded, implying a lot.

"And did you," asked Polly, going away, "see that in the letter about Lionel Derwent? How he does get on?"

"Yes, well," said Pam, and she remained in deep thought after Polly had scampered away.

She let her feelings guide her to a decision, as most girls do. She knew that at this moment she Hood Lionel, as a type, far, far better than Billy. Accordingly, it seemed to her that other people also would feel that preference. And was that going to be good for Billy in the days to come—remembering that his future lay in the Old Country?

"No," she said to herself decidedly. "So I must take him in hand myself, I suppose!"

And by the evening post a note went off, asking him to come over to Marcorve to-morrow afternoon.

#### A Flare-up!

**D**ID eagerness over the intended tea-party here Betty & Co. their match against the Fifth Form on Saturday afternoon!

Less they did, anyhow, and that was a nice thing for the juniors. Bantox by "the enemy"—for such was the tope, by which tradition demanded that the Fifth Form should be described.

Polly looked disturbed as she held out a letter from Jack. "I don't like to tell you, Pam," she said, "but your cousin at Grangemoor—he is rather going ill!"



But it was not Pam whose mind was off the game. During the argument following the match, it was agreed that Pam, at any rate, had been at the top of her form.

Polly was for blaming the defeat on to Naomer and Paula, on the ground that Naomer must have been thinking too much about the coming "spread," whilst Paula—well, for what else did Paula exist, if not to be blamed for anything that went wrong?

Paula took the teasing verdict with a good-humoured "Gwan' shame!" and hurried away. Her chief concern now was to make herself "presentable."

Not so Naomer. She was disputing her share of the blame very strenuously, when up came all four guests from Grangeover—Jack Linton, Dave Lander, Michael Horiot, and Billy Charters.

"Please," said Jack facetiously, "is this Mar-cove School? Mother says—"

"Let me look at your hands, Jack," requested his sister. "I can't let you sit down to tea like that—not next to me, anyhow! Hello, Dave!"—and she smiled her approval of that lad.

At the same time Pam was saying "Billy!" inviting him to step forward and be introduced all round. Thus he would get the Who's-Who of the Study all over.

The four had come over, it appeared, by means of two "outfits"—one Jack's, the other Michael's. Billy had been Michael's sideman passenger.

They drifted with the girls towards the school-house porch, and there parted from them temporarily, to "report" the visit as custom decreed, and also to lay aside greatcoats and caps.

Tea, by special permission, was to be in the music-room. There the girls came rushing in by twos and threes, presently, sleekly tidied-up after hooky—except Naomer.

It was the uproar caused by Polly's slandering Naomer round and round the tea-table, declaring that she, Naomer, must go and put a comb through her hair, which the boys heard as they approached the music-room. And it was Naomer who came out head-first, just as they were about to enter.

"Don't spit!" whispered Naomer, and she came stealing back, thinking herself to be safely screened.

Polly, perfectly aware of the ruse, found delight in talking about Naomer as if she were off the scene.

"An utter disgrace! We would have won, only she was all the time thinking about cream-buns. I have got to be firm about Naomer, or it will be a case of one girl getting the school a bad name!"

"What so diggings!" retorted Naomer, coming out of hiding. "I am as respectable as any of you!"

Polly might have had a withering answer to make, only she was suddenly noticing how Billy Charters had reddened. Why? Goodness, was it because of what she had said in fun about "one getting the school a bad name"? He must be touchy!

Pam also had noticed his sudden flush, and she rather despaired of seeing him at ease. Obviously, although he had come along with these three other fellows, he was not really on a good footing with them yet. Towards all her—Pam's—chums, he seemed—unfriendly—that was the word.

Tea began, and in spite of the general vivacity, he still did not find his tongue. At moments, Pam felt annoyed with him for being such a bad "mixer." Dash it all, if he was going to be like

this at Christmas! But there were other moments when she felt pity mingling with admiration.

How could we expect him, she was thinking, to keep pace with the flight from one topic to another, especially as the topics were so local and "schooly"? He was not at home yet in the Household; that was half the trouble.

But the other half? Was it not due to an obstinate refusal to try to adapt himself? She was sure that it was, and so the annoyance returned. He had better be careful or he would be suspected of feeling "superior." How she wished he would do himself better justice!

Soon, as she noticed, the tea-table gave it up as a bad job—trying to draw him on to talk, and the atmosphere grew rather tense. Pam dreaded a moment when Naomer would begin to giggle confusedly, without being able to explain why. That would be bound to set others off.

Four Pam! It was proving a bit of a strain. Her inherited serenity was being severely taxed. She was thankful that she had had plenty of experience of social functions at home, learning from a mother who was experienced in all the difficulties and little embarrassments of entertaining.

She must be ready to supply a joke just when the tea-table was ready to burst out laughing—"over nothing," which always means that somebody has become a laughing-stock. But she did not know how long she would be able to avert the danger, when it was apparent that Jack and some of the girls had reached the stage when they dare not meet each other's mournful eyes.

To Pam's secret relief, Naomer's weakness for rich pastries ultimately provided a safe laughter-provoking topic. Jack helped Naomer to her third cream-bun, after Swiss-roll and a few sardines. Promptly, Polly rose up and took Naomer's plate away, bun and all.

"What so diggings?"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"She shall not!" Polly cried, with mock grimness, above all the merriment. "Not a third, Naomer; it isn't done!"

"I don't care if he is under-done," declared Naomer, going to take the cream-bun from the mantelpiece; but Polly, to the increased hilarity of the tea-party, quickly stood the pastry upon the top of a cupboard!

Then Naomer fetched a chair and reached down the confection, amidst great applause.

"You'll have nightmares!" Polly warned.

"She's going to have a Banbury, after the cream-bun," grinned Jack. "Bile a cock-horse to Banbury Cross, and see Billy Charters fall off his horse!"

"Ha, ha, ha!" they pealed.

Pam, whilst she laughed along with others, said:

"Now you are getting too silly for words! Are we finished with tea? If so, let's have some music, Madge—"

But now, suddenly, a chair grated back as someone rose—in anger.

It was Billy. There was consternation as, having risen, he slammed the chair aside to find room for striding away.

Then they all rose.

"Billy!" broke from Pam.

"Well, hang it!" he said thickly. "Think I'm going to sit here and be joked at!"

"But who is joking at you?" asked Jack soberly.

"You, for one! Just because I came to grief with that horse the other day?"

"Nonsense, man! Sit down—"

"Not I! I'm going—"  
 "Billy!" Pam pleaded softly. "Now, Billy—wait—"

At the door, and with his hand upon the knob, he glared towards them all.

"You're a lot of—"  
 "Charter, shut up!" Michael booted him sharply.

"Are you crazy? These girls—"  
 "I don't care! They shouldn't—"

"Listen, Billy!" Jack entreated. "I'm awfully sorry. 'Pan my word, I didn't think you'd mind my fooling joke. Come and sit down—"

"But I think," Dave interposed. "Billy should be asked to apologise first—to the girls—after being so rude!"

Billy was fiery red now.

"I shan't do anything of the sort—"  
 "Billy, you will!" said Pam, slipping across to him. "You must—"

"I won't!"  
 And he banged out of the room.

Billy Charter jumped up from the table. "I'm not going to sit here and be joked at!" he stormed.

"Billy," Pam protested gently.



For a few moments Pam remained just by the door, painfully conscious of the uncomfortable silence. Then, making a sign that no one must follow, she went out after Billy.

He was half-way to the stairs when she overtook him.

"Stop!" she said, taking him by the sleeve. "This is awful, Billy! Do believe what Jack said!"

"No, Pam, I wish I had never come!"  
 She sighed.

"I almost wish you hadn't, Billy; but that's wrong of me. It's good for you to mix with others."

"I am not their sort. I don't suit anybody over here in the Old Country. You all have customs that have got whiskers on them, and manners that I shall never have. I'm not talking about this school and your chums. They're nice girls; I could like them if only I could feel that they didn't look down on me."

"Billy—"  
 "It's Crangemoss," he speaks on fiercely. "You don't know—"

"I do know, Billy."

"If I'd come in for a rough time—been bullied, and all that—no girl like you would ever have

heard me complaining. But I can't stick the— the blessed cut-and-dried rules, and everybody trying to be like everybody else, even to the way you wear your scarf. Of course, they think me an outsider—"

"They can't help but think you as good and better than many of them, in many ways," she strenuously asserted. "Stick it, Billy, and you won't be sorry some day for having tried to borrow a little of these 'bowhinkered' customs from them. Don't think I'm lecturing; but I did want, as a cousin, to have a minute with you when I could talk like this."

She had claimed his close attention now. Her earnest eyes, full of liquid light, found his gazing into them.

"I can see, Billy, it did seem to you as if Jack Linton were pulling your leg. But he always does say all the nonsense he can. There's his word for it that he meant nothing unkind against



you. So come on; come back and do the right thing, Billy. Say you are sorry for showing temper."

"That I never will!"  
 "Billy, you must! Really, you owe it to Jack. And you will find, Billy, that the moment you do apologise for the misunderstanding, he'll wash out the whole incident."

She added earnestly:  
 "Don't spoil it for others as well as for yourself, Billy. How about Christmas at Swanlake, if you can't get on with the rest?"

It seemed as if he were going to remain stubborn.

"Now you are really disappointing me, Billy," broke from her sadly. "I am telling you—this is not the way to go on. I don't like playing the candid friend—who does? But I must. And so you see, Billy, we all have awkward parts to play at times. Can't suit ourselves all—"

"Oh, hang, all right; where is the chap?" he burst out, and went striding back to the music-room.

A great weight passed from Pam's spirit. Suddenly she was back in the room with him, and he was saying in a slow, thick-voiced way:

"Linton, I want to beg your pardon. I beg everyone's pardon—"

"Good enough," was the prompt response, which Pam had predicted, whilst Betty and the rest of the girls smiled their free forgiveness.

"And now, isn't Midge going to play something? Midge—"

"Ooo, yes, quick!" chimed Naomi, doing a caper. "Behave Billy has never heard her play! What so dippings, I don't suppose he knows what real music is like, coming from an South Seas!"

Back came the colour to Billy's face again, and Pam feared a fresh flare-up. Better Naomi for saying a thing like that! And yet how could one be angry with Naomi?

But Midge came to the rescue by starting a lively piece, and all went well after that. Presently the whole party went downstairs for the sake of giving Billy his first sight of Morocco—its fine classrooms, the Great Hall with its wonderful stained glass and its honour board, and the beautiful chapel.

"I notice your name is on the Honour Board, Pam," Billy said to her, when the time for parting had come. He and she were dawdling together towards the waiting machines, a little apart from the others, as befit their relationship.

"Yes, well—"

"It doesn't say why your name is there, Pam?"

"No. Some day, perhaps, I may tell you," was her careless response; and then, feeling inspired to do so, she added:

"When your name is on the Honour Board at Grangemoor, Billy—I'll tell you then!"

"That'll be never!" he laughed gruffly. "I'm not a prig, I hope."

"Do you think I am, Billy?"

"Sorry! That was rotten of me. I expect you

did something really fine, Pam! And, of course, chaps at Grangemoor have done lots of fine things. It's all there, on their Honour Board, amongst the names of fellows who have only taken honours in exams, and that stuff, as I call it! Then their War memorial—that made me feel—yes, know!"

"Yes, Billy, I know."

Silence prevailed, whilst they sauntered on a little faster, catching up with those who were already at the waiting motor-bikes.

"Some people," Pam exclaimed gently, at this last moment, "are called upon to save others at times, Billy, aren't they? And others are called upon to save—themselves."

"I suppose they are?" he said in a realising tone.

"Remember I said it," she rejoined, offering her hand at parting. "And so—good-bye, Billy, for the present, and good luck!"

She said it rather impudently. Nor could any right-spirited girl, in Pam's position just then, have withheld a look of mingled affection and anxiety, knowing what he was, and his school—how it would either make or break him!

AND OF TOMMY'S STORY.

Will Pam's little talk inspire her cousin to do his best to get on at Grangemoor? You must read next week's fine long complete Marryate tale to learn. Entitled "BECAUSE OF COUSIN BILLY," it is a story you will thoroughly enjoy from beginning to end, so order next Tuesday's SCHOOLGIRLS' OWN at once!



### DAINTY SWEET RECIPES.

Every schoolgirl loves sweets, and there is an especial enjoyment attached to them when she has made them herself. So next time you feel like some sweets, get round mother to let you make these. All these recipes are very simple to follow, and the results are simply delicious! Arranged prettily in a box, too, these sweets make lovely birthday presents for your chums.

#### Marzipan.

The foundation of all the given recipes is marzipan, and from this many kinds of sweets can be made.

**Required.** Four ounces each of ground almonds and icing sugar and a little white of egg.

Crush all large lumps from the sugar, and then pass it through a fine sieve to make sure that there are no small lumps remaining. Put the sugar and almonds in a basin, and pound well together. Add just enough white of egg to make a stiff paste.

Turn the mixture on to a board that has been sprinkled with sifted icing sugar, gently knead and then roll out.

#### Marzipan Strawberries.

Leaves and stalks for the strawberries can be bought from a confectioner.

Put a little marzipan in a basin, add a few drops of cochineal, and work it until the marzipan is coloured a pretty pink.

Shape to resemble strawberries, and with a

skewer make small dents. Finish by adding the leaves and stalks.

#### Apples.

Colour the marzipan with pale green vegetable colouring; knead until evenly coloured, turn on to a sugar board, and shape into balls to resemble apples.

Put a clove at one end of the apple for the "blossom," and insert a small strip of angelica at the other to represent a stalk.

#### Pears.

These are made in the same way as apples, but use yellow vegetable colouring instead of green. Shape to resemble pears, and finish with cloves and strips of angelica.

#### Baskets of Fruit.

Roll the marzipan out thinly, cut it in rounds or ovals and shape these to resemble baskets. Make a handle to each basket with a thin strip of angelica.

Cut glass fruits in small pieces—various colours—grapegrapes, apricots, cherries, etc., and arrange these in the baskets, putting some of each fruit in every basket.

#### Paper Cases.

If packed in paper cases or bags these sweets are most attractive. Cut coloured, crinkled paper to size, and shape into cases—one case for each sweet. Arrange these small cases of sweets daintily in an empty chocolate box and they will look very tempting.

Or, make oblong-shaped crinkled paper bags, fill them with sweets and tie at the top with coloured ribbon to match, or contrast with the paper.

Thick, coloured embroidery silk can be run through the top of the bag, drawn up and tied. A little brightly coloured picture pasted on the side of the bag is another attractive finish.

DOLLY HOWE.